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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

I would not ask whether you talk to the children about the Father and the blessed Christ in the moments which come only now and then. The true mother, through these first years, is to her children in Christ's stead. She is the way, the truth, and the life to them. And so it is scant use merely to tell them of the way. They must go in it first in your arms, or they may not go at all. No use to talk to them of the truth, if you are not the truth, there may be none they will care to learn, and scant use to speak in those sacred moments of the true and good life, if you are not one with the life you would impart and inspire. No use trying to instil the love of God into their budding hearts, if you do not hold it in your own; for then, mothers might as well tell a garden plot of the sweetness of moss-roses and clove-pinks, and never put in a slip or a seed. The being is the doing, and there is no other way that I know of open to any mother God has blessed with little children.

—*Robert Collyer in Where the Light Dwelleth.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1909. NUMBER 19

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.
—James Russell Lowell.

A news item from Boston tells us that the Rev. Charles G. Ames on the first of January had fulfilled twenty years of memorable ministry as Pastor of the Church of the Disciples. Mr. Ames some time ago celebrated his eightieth birthday, but the *Register* says, "There is great hope that this ministry will continue for many years to come." It was Swedenborg who said that "among the angels the oldest are the youngest."

President Roosevelt's prompt defense of Taft's right to a religion, although it be that of an Unitarian, has given, as the *Christian Register* shows, the chance for an apt retort that reminds the President of the most regrettable phrase he has ever written,—the one written long before he was President, in which he characterized Thomas Paine, the man who said, "I believe in one God and no more, the world is my country, to do good is my religion," etc., etc., as "A filthy little atheist."

Our conservative neighbor, *The Advance,* will be surprised, perhaps shocked, by our borrowing these sentences from its call for a forward movement. We realize that our conclusion would differ from his; we would call much of what he considers doubt, faith. We welcome some things our neighbor distrusts, but still we declare as virile and timely this call to action:

"The church of today is too much chilled by doubt. We must get through doubting. There will be no forward movement through doubt. We have had criticism of everything that faith has ever held sacred. It is time to stop criticising and do constructive work. We have had negations until the atmosphere of theology is like a wind from Medicine Hat. We must get through with negations. The farmer plants in the faith of a south wind, a returning sun, and spring showers; and so must the church. That is its God-given privilege. The church has postive rights, a positive mission, a positive message, and a positive promise of the future. Let it refuse any longer to be held on the north side of tne situation by speculative critics, doubters and destructive theorists, and let it march into the great field of the world and reap the harvests promised it by the Lord of the harvest."

An interesting note of the growing brotherhood as well as a good way of doing it is found in a New Year's message of greeting which the ministers of the Woodlawn group of churches in the city of Chicago send out to their common constituency. The Pastor of a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist, an Episcopalian and a United Presbyterian church sent out the following signed greeting. When more ministers learn to do team work, perhaps the better men and women of the community will take notice of their obligations and will assume the leadership which belongs to them, and the less favored, in purse, morals or mind, will take heart and follow them.

The Pastors of Woodlawn send you a hearty New Year's Greeting. We are deeply interested in everything that relates to the betterment of our community, the happiness of our homes, the safe guarding of our children and youth, and the advancement of the Kingdom of God in the hearts and lives of our fellow men.

We confidently believe there is rest, strength, inspiration and spiritual uplift in the worship of God's House, and, therefore, we invite you to our Church services and assure you of a hearty welcome.

We also invite you to send your children to our Sunday-school. We ask you to call upon any of us for whatever Christian ministry you may desire in times of sickness, of sorrow and bereavement. We desire to be true servants of our Master in his spirit of sympathy and love.

What was Minneapolis' loss has been Los Angeles' gain. E. Stanton Hodgin, who, to the regret of the friends he is leaving, has transferred his labors from the former to the latter city, sends out a circular appeal "to every minister who reads it," asking for the present address of those who have gone from any liberal parish to Southern California. He promises to look them up and see that they receive a cordial invitation by the churches and ministers in their vicinity, if such there be allied to them in faith. The justification of this appeal is well grounded in the fact that "the tendency to lose interest in church at the time of a change of residence is certainly one of the serious sources of loss" not only to the churches but to the individuals. The number of unplaced people, religiously, in a great city amounts to a sociological problem. The freedom from all church or Sunday claims at first is a luxury, but it soon gets to be a debility and ends in a reproach and a scandal. "One cannot live by bread alone" in a city any more than in the country. No hurry of business, or multiplicity of pleasures or of duties can silence the call, "Where is thy brother?" And the answer to the indulgent man in his slippers, lolling amid his voluminous Sunday papers, flattering himself that he is tired, is, "You are your brother's keeper."

This is the way the Pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, did it. He ordered a hundred copies of J. H. Crooker's "Church of Today," a special church edition, and then sent a copy to each man on the mailing list of the church, accompanied with the letter appended. It is too early to note results, but not too early to know that they are talking about it in the home, among neighbors and with the minister. Many questions are solved by a frank and clear statement, more by frank and open discussion, still more by a direct appeal to the bar of conscience. Duty is always a more inspiring as well as a safer guide than pleasure. The Pauline "for their sake" is a safer motto than "for my sake." The church, like the school, is a neighborhood utility, a community interest, and lays its claims at the feet of every member thereof. Is it an "incidental encumbrance" or "a central factor" in the well-being of society? Here is the letter:

Chicago, January 1, 1909.

To The Men Friends and Supporters of
All Souls Church.

Dear Friends:—

The church of today is either an expensive, troublesome and incidental encumbrance upon life or a central factor in the well-being of society, the maintenance of which is a social and personal privilege as well as an obligation. The decreasing habit of church attendance on the part of men is a matter of comment in all the churches. How to draw men is the current form of an acute question among church trustees and ministers. In order to secure a more regular attendance on the part of men, suggestions are made by some that the sermon be shortened, while others would eliminate the prayers and hymns.

Is it a question of sex? Is there a fundamental difference between the needs and tastes of men and women in this direction?

These and kindred questions are frankly, earnestly and ably discussed by my friend, Dr. Joseph H. Crooker, of Boston, in his little book entitled "The Church of Today," which has the unique record of having been put forth simultaneously by three different denominational publishing houses, viz., the Congregational, Universalist and Unitarian. With this letter I am sending a copy of this book to every gentleman whose name is on the mailing list of All Souls Church, and I ask you to accept the same with my New Year's compliments.

I hope the book will interest you at least sufficiently to secure a candid reading. I shall be glad to know the result of such a reading in any way you may elect.

Hoping to further clear the problem, I will preach on Sunday morning, January 17th, on "The Sunday Service—Has it a Life-helping Place in a Well Ordered Life?" at which service your attendance is respectfully solicited, as it is at the Annual Dinner of the church, which will take place on Thursday evening, January 14th. At this meeting reports of all the activities of the year will be rendered and you will have an opportunity to judge for yourselves as to the returns for your investments.

Thanking you on behalf of All Souls Church for your support and coöperation in the past, and soliciting a continuation of the same, I wish you A Happy New Year!

Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The writer of this note distrusts the spiritual economy of organic dissections of the church life and community on sex and age lines. Through a somewhat prolonged ministry he has persistently discounted and as far as possible discouraged the tendency to organize the young, the women, or the men in separate organizations, and he still believes in the main that the logic of the situation justifies his distrust. The organizations of young people themselves grow into middle life and old age and members drop out at their peril. Witness the absurdity of the Y. M. C. A. movements of the land. He also believes that the efficient "Ladies' Societies" of our churches have often run into feminine not to say effeminate methods and activities. Their small financiering has debauched the large giving the church deserves. Perhaps the persistency of young people's organizations and the efficiency of women's organizations are partly responsible for the wide-spread complaint in all the churches of the land, of either the indifference or over-confident complacency of the adult male population to the privileges and obligations of organized religion as represented by the churches. Perhaps this baneful result of over-organization inside the churches can be remedied only by some more organization, hence the recent movement towards organizing the men of the churches and co-ordinating these men's church clubs into larger leagues. This effort to make the masculine element more efficient in our churches by organizing them has at last reached the Unitarian churches which, for reasons partly to their credit and partly otherwise, match their more radical theology by more conservative methods. The American Unitarian Association at its last meeting—

"Resolved, That in the judgment of this body the time has come for the organization of a Men's League of the Unitarian churches of America, and that a committee of three be appointed by the president to formulate a plan and submit it to the next annual meeting."

This committee of three consists of Cyril H. Burdette, 135 Broadway, New York City, Parker B. Field of Boston, and Morton D. Hull of Chicago. The committee is prepared to give and to receive suggestions; correspondence is solicited by the first named member. In the mind of the present writer, the time has arrived for the abandonment, or at least the minimizing, of the prominence given to the young people's and women's organizations in the churches, and for the church itself, the parent body, through its officers and activities, to assume the function which would seem to belong to it by historic traditions and prophetic inspiration, of emphasizing and making potent the democracy it affects, uniting not segregating young and old, men and women, or else yielding to the tactical necessity of things as they are by rallying the men by themselves that they may find their lost potency and assert their traditional leadership. What will it be?

A "Calico Dance" for the Lincoln Centennial

The suggestion that one number of the Lincoln Centennial week at the Abraham Lincoln Centre will be a "Calico Dance" has thrown even the plain, sensible women of that fraternity into a fever of anxiety, curiosity and investigation. There is talk of "styles" and "costumes," a searching after fashion plates, and a quest for antique pictures. It is hard for the "Sisters" of these days to realize that there were no "styles" in the backwoods of Kentucky, Indiana, and

the unfenced prairies of Illinois in the first half of the last century, and that there are yet no "styles" up in the mountains or back among the hills where the railroad does not go and the daily mail and the honk of the automobile do not trouble. Under such conditions the problem of every woman is how, out of the cheapest material at hand, to drape herself in such tidiness and economy as can be attained by her own skill and the time at hand. If "pattern" there be, it is borrowed from a neighbor or carefully recovered from the last creation, and the dress is made by her own over-busy fingers, for the main part in the quiet of the very late hour when the man of the house and the little ones are all asleep.

The "Calico Dance" that would recall the life of the settlement, suggest the simplicity and purity, aye, and beauty of the bright-eyed Nancy Hanks, of Anne Rutledge, the guileless belle of New Salem,—this cannot come by a reproduction of obsolete "fashions" or through a study of fashion plates, for there were none, but through the unrepeatable touches of taste and refinement that will make out of the simplest goods tasteful dresses "by hand."

The unconscious shrinking from calico, as though it were inimical to beauty, is also noticeable. For it is promptly whispered that lawns and simple challis were in vogue then and "they can be made up very prettily," to which the man whose life reaches back to the log house replies, "Yes, there were silks and velvets in those days, brooches and trails, among the women, silver-buckled shoes and brass-buttoned blue broadcloth swallow tails for the men, the reproduction of which would be interesting in a study of costume, but these were not the fore-elders and boyhood neighbors of Abraham Lincoln. This dance is to help the imagination to the difficult realization that refinement of spirit, delicacy of taste, as well as vigor of intellect and right, noble consciences are compatible with log houses, corn bread, calico dresses and buckskin trousers, and were realized on the margin of that tidal wave of emigration that at the beginning of the last century rolled out of Ohio and Virginia and up from Kentucky and from across the Atlantic through the woods of Indiana, over the prairies of Illinois and into the southern counties of Michigan and Wisconsin.

The painful defects in nearly all the biographies of Lincoln are apparent here. Even the latest books at hand, spite of the revealments of Miss Tarbell and the too few others who have tried to realize the conditions, physical and spiritual, of which Abraham Lincoln was a product and into which he was born, emphasize unduly the poverty and the illiteracy of the times. Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln are still the most neglected and unappreciated characters in American history. Thomas Lincoln, the waif of the deep woods as well as the backwoods, orphaned at ten years of age, who learned a trade, wooed and won the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, built with his own hands three or four homes, moved always to his betterment, lived a long life, enjoying the respect and confidence of his neighbors, a man of devout heart and clean life, a peace maker and a story-teller, loved of children, loved, trusted and honored by two dutiful and noble women, deserves better at the hands of biographers than to be ridiculed as "shiftless." And the little woman whose dexterity with the spindle was famous, who in a bookless community loved books and was known to be "very smart," she who was pretty and bright, a leader in the settlement, she of whom the greatest of presidents, noblest of Americans, the tenderest heart encased in a masculine body, known to modern times, could say, "God bless my little mother! All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to her," must needs be interpreted by the poet and the artist, the moralist and the saint, not by the fashion plate.

A "Calico Dance" given in the Lincoln memorial week is a spiritual, not a dress-making problem. It is to try to realize courtesy and grace, intelligence and dignity in calico and blue jeans. The man who can wear a hickory shirt, jean trousers and a hard-times "wamus" and still behave like a gentleman and dance a Virginia reel, money musk and the "Arkansaw Traveler" into an ecstacy, is the man who is fit for this function. Why be afraid of calico? Let the womanhood shine through it.

A "Calico Dance" on Lincoln week must not be grotesque but simple, not affected but natural, not a parade but a tender study, a grateful reproduction that will bring tears to the eyes of the young and touch the hearts of the elders with a sense of sanctity such as befits a communion service.

Perhaps other places will celebrate during the centennial week with a "Calico Dance." UNITY will be glad to receive suggestions before and a report after the event.

Doings at the Centre

At least three events have occurred at the Abraham Lincoln Centre recently in which the readers of UNITY would delight.

First was the beautiful and unique wedding in the Civics Rooms, December 15, where Mr. Vernon Mosher Cady, a last summer graduate of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, and Pastor-elect of the Unitarian church at Alton, was united in wedlock to Miss Bertha Chapman, a teacher in the Teachers' Training School Department of the Chicago University. During the summer Mr. Cady and Miss Chapman were temporary residents at the Centre, and the permanent residents made this the fitting home place for the happy occasion. Many of the teacher friends of Miss Chapman were present to bid the happy couple God speed on their high adventure. And

now the Alton church has two pastors, not one, both of them good ones.

On Wednesday night, December 30, was held an unique memorial meeting for Rizal, the martyred hero, the George Washington of the Philippines, by the band of Filipino students now studying in Chicago, twenty-five in number. The kindergarten room on the sixth floor was the only quiet corner available that night at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, but the dextrous fingers and refined taste of these children ot the Pacific converted it into a place of beauty, with their college streamers, native colors and banners. A few invited guests and American sympathizers enlarged the audience into a sympathetic and inspiring company. The program consisted of three numbers by the boys and several musical numbers, among which was the national hymn of the Filipinos. The hoped for address of welcome and sympathy from the Head Resident of the Lincoln Centre was the only disappointment, but the previous engagement at the Iroquois Memorial Service, which made this one tentative, delayed him so that he could only take part in the hand-shake at the close. The addresses of these young men will be given as space permits, in the columns of UNITY. It was a revelation to some and an inspiration to all to find the high ideals born into beauty and nobility in the hearts of these students who have loved America so well that they have caught its inspirations, studied its history so well that they aspire to reproduce it in its noblest forms in the islands of the Pacific, and who enjoy their liberty so much that they long to make it organic beyond the seas; their gratitude to the United States, their appreciation of its privileges is so great that they seek to honor it by leading the far-off islands to emulate its example, to plant out there a republic of the yellow man that will not shame the noble achievements of the United States of America.

On Sunday, December 27, the Rev. Gertrude von Petzold, fresh from England, occupied the desk with Mr. Jones and delivered the message of service, the real gospel of the Cross, with great impressiveness. An interesting feature of the service was the solo following the sermon, sung by a former member of her English choir of Leicester, who had preceded Miss von Petzold to America and had a home at Evanston to welcome her to. Miss von Petzold was welcomed to America and given greeting into the ministry, rejoiced in her womanhood and her liberal faith, and UNITY echoes the welcome. Miss von Petzold goes for an indeterminate supply at Des Moines, and we hope she may find permanent place in the ministry of the West.

To make some work of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God, to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed,—it is the work for a god.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE PULPIT.

"Nineteen Hundred and Eight" The Annual Review

SERMON PREACHED IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, JANUARY 3, 1909, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The habit of this pulpit to try to lift the passng year to sermon levels has become so fixed that I dare not break it; so, for the twenty-sixth time in the history of All Souls Church and the thirty-eighth time in my ministry, I will try to look at the twelve-month cycle from the standpoint of the spirit, and will venture the dangerous thing of interpreting some phases of 1908 in terms of ethics. If our guide through the future is the lamp of experience, this first Sunday of the New Year is an auspicious time to trim that lamp. A backward look may strengthen the forward vision.

It is better to go to a house of mourning than to a place of feasting. The vacant chairs chasten the spirit. From the near circle of All Souls Church we miss Mrs. Mary C. Doud, who for many years was a tireless worker in the Social and Charitable sections of our church. Her self-denial rose promptly to the efficiency of self-giving. A cheerful spirit was Mrs. Doud, because she was a willing servant, rejoicing in service.

Aunt Nancy Nickerson, who lived into the eighty-fifth year of her age, left us in the early part of the year. Her name should be cherished by this church, for it lies at the foundation of Lincoln Centre. Her generous gift of twenty thousand dollars' worth of property enabled us to secure possession of the land upon which the Lincoln Centre is built, and it is not saying too much that without this initiative we could not have been here today. The Hill Reading Room, always open and increasingly used, is a tangible memorial, a loving, living monument that may well inspire others to emulate her wisdom.

Mrs. Rosa Beckwith was a loyal parishioner whose support was almost co-extensive with my ministry, extending as it did through the entire length of my Janesville and Chicago pastorates.

Mr. Frank N. Wilder was the first Secretary and early Treasurer and Superintendent of our Sunday-school.

William Davis was for many years an official and Secretary of our Sunday-school.

Mr. S. H. Hawes was a quiet but appreciative supporter who re-enforced the resources of his purse with a receptive mind, a constant ear; he believed in the Sunday ministrations, enjoyed them and profited by them.

Going outside the narrow circle of All Souls Church, Chicago has lost its great surgeon, Nicholas Senn, and its venerable and venerated Rabbi, who for many years was a leader of Reformed Judaism, Bernhard Felsenthal. John Frederick Finerty was an American by choice, not by fate; an Irishman whose loyalty to the stars and stripes was emphasized by his enthusiasm for the cause of liberty across the sea. Dr. D. D. Thompson was a great Methodist layman, for many

years Editor of the *Christian Advocate*. And John V. Farwell, Sr., one of Chicago's great merchants, who lived long enough to largely administer his own estate, left us at the ripe age of eighty-three.

The United States, in the realm of letters, has lost Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose high place among our poets was obscured and over-shadowed by his greater reputation as an interpreter of poets, for he was easily our foremost critic. He stands among his peers when listed with Matthew Arnold, Lowell and Dowden. Charles Eliot Norton, the venerable interpreter of Dante, the literary executor of John Ruskin, the interpreter of the fine arts to successive generations of Harvard students; John Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, my Maryland"; Joel Chandler Harris, the inimitable "Uncle Remus," who took "Br'er Rabbit" out of the awesome realm of the "Quarters" occupied by slaves and introduced him to all ages, sects and grades of intelligence; Louise Chandler Moulton, a poet and a friend of animals; Donald G. Mitchell, the "Ik Marvel" whose "Reveries of a Bachelor" is a permanent classic in American literature; and Murat Halsted, who lived on to the limit of his four score years, a great editor, have all left us during 1908.

In the realm of art, Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, and Ira D. Sankey, the great singer, have left behind them imperishable names. It is estimated that Sankey's Gospel Hymns netted him a half-million in royalties; over fifty million copies of them were sold, and still the revenue from his books constitutes the main part of the resources of the well sustained Northfield Bible School founded by Moody. His "Ninety and Nine" carried the liberal gospel of hope and love into the heart of the grimmest and most dogmatic theology. Orthodoxy has no guards that can keep melody out of its camps.

In the realm of public life, the death of Dr. Pope, Dean of the Law School of the University of South Carolina, removed one of the three survivors of those who signed the ordinance of secession three months before Lincoln was inaugurated, and that of General Stephen D. Lee, the valiant defender of Vicksburg, at his death Commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, indicates the passing of the old regime. It is beautifully significant that the immediate cause of General Lee's going hence was over-exertion in extending the courtesies of Vicksburg and the South to representatives of the Northern army.

The name of Mrs. Bradley, whose going hence left a million dollars to the Institute at Peoria, founded by her husband and bearing the family name, and that of William F. Vilas of Wisconsin, should be mentioned in the most inadequate list. Senator Vilas won many honors in life. As a youth, he led a regiment to the front in the war for the Union; later in life he became a leader in the Senate and a member of the Cabinet. Here for once is a man whose last will does not shame his life. His disposition of his large estate will probably prove to be one of the most wise, far-reaching, just, and altogether noble documents of the kind signed by any American of this generation. It contains provision for what will ultimately amount to the sum of thirty million dollars, which is to go for the benefit of the University of Wisconsin, an institution which he honored as student, professor and trustee. The document shows that he summoned to the preparation thereof, the judicial mind, the statesman-like foresight, the liberal spirit, which belong to greatness; a document in the preparation of which his family was consulted, and to which his wife's signature was attached as a further guarantee against the pitiable post-morten troubles of the rich.

Lastly among the honored dead of the United States of 1908 is to be written the name of Grover Cleveland, the great independent in politics, the deliberate, impeccable man who, by sheer force of character and persistent loyalty to what he deemed to be the right, rose above the mistakes and scandals of youth, won the confidence of his enemies and disarmed partisan prejudices. Grover Cleveland's name will surely go down in history as that of one of the great Presidents of the United States.

Casting our eyes across the sea, we see Germany losing her great liberal scholar, Prof. Otto Pfleiderer; England her great liberal Prime Minister, Campbell-Bannerman; Portugal losing at one stroke of an assassin her King and Crown Prince, and China her venerable Queen.

As we write this death roll of the noble we are rebuked in our grief. Here is not loss, but gain; these represent the unquestioned investment of 1908, deposits in the bank that never breaks. Providence is an economic as well as a benignant cultivator,—it fertilizes the fields with the fruits of its own harvest, even in its grimmest form, that which breaks in upon the Christmas season, the festivals of the closing year, with the appalling catastrophe which seems to belittle all previous tragedies of history. Down there in the troubled foot of Italy, the unquiet earth has minimized the stories of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Lisbon and San Francisco. But the lurid fires of the volcano are paled by the larger glory of human charity. We may not at this distance see the woe-laden clouds, hear the cries, or smell the pestilential fumes, but here on our own side of the globe we can see the radiance of human charity belting the world. The disrupting strata of geology have disturbed the deep sea cables, broken the electric wires, but the wireless telegraphy of the spirit works all the more surely and promptly; the message of brotherhood fills the unimpeded upper air, and is received, recorded, understood and interpreted in the heart of peasant and king, beggar and millionaire, Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile, orthodox and heterodox. The brotherhood of man is today vindicated, enforced, by the providences of God, even when, to our human vision, they become calamities unspeakable, catastrophes immeasurable.

It is not easy to reconcile ourselves to the awful waste of human life, born out of the carelessness, cupidity and wickedness of human nature. Let us turn to that page of the *Daily Tribune* that tells of the murders, the suicides, the executions, and the deaths that are the result of greed and carelessness.

Three thousand, one hundred and forty-five passengers have lost their lives on railroads this year, besides the ten thousand or more seriously injured, and this does not include the much larger sacrifice of employes. One hundred and sixty-six lost their lives when in pursuit of the old amusement of primitive man,—hunting for something to kill; most of them killed by their fellow-huntsmen. Three hundred and sixty-eight of these were killed outright, 3,820 injured in what the *Tribune* calls "sporting and holiday casualties"; sixty-five killed on the baseball field, fifty-nine injured; eighteen killed and 313 injured on the football fields; the insane Fourth of July reaps its

bloody harvest of 103 dead, 2,812 injured. Eight thousand, nine hundred and fifty-two murders were recorded in the newspapers last year and 10,852 suicides,—more than double the number of ten years ago. Ninety-two criminals were robbed of life by the State. The ghastly list of deaths by lynching has increased over last year, reaching a round hundred, being the largest number since 1903. It is humiliating to realize that one of the storm centers of mob violence was at the peaceful capital of the state of Illinois. Springfield was debauched by violence and was put under martial law because the administration of the city was debilitated by rotten politics, emasculated officials, whose vision of the right was obscured by a cowardly concern for the results of the next election. The chief criminals are as yet unapprehended and it is feared will go scot free for the same reason.

But let me not distort the year's record. The unrest of the world perhaps was never greater than now, but it is the travail of birth. The far-reaching restlessness of India indicates an ancient and hitherto supposed emasculated people coming again into self-consciousness; they are finding themselves, and the ambitions that now give trouble are big with promise. The suffragette agitation in England at this distance seems to border on the grotesque, but woman has been long in the training camp, marshaling her forces on the reserve line. Civilization needs re-enforcements; the army of democracy must needs be recruited; it is time to order up the reserves.

The bumptiousness of the Kaiser, who is ever prone to forget that a king today is a civic ornament and not a civic functionary, has been rebuked by the power that is higher than the German throne, and, like any other "habitual," he has had to swear off and sober up or lose his position.

Russia still writhes in the clutches of absolutism, but the black hand is losing its power. For the moment, the reactionary powers are in the saddle; another Douma has been rendered ineffectual; but the world this last year laid its tribute at the feet of the Russian who is Czar of Hearts, the great peasant-Count, Lyof Tolstoy. And Turkey, the sick man of the East, has been startled by the awakening of young Turkey that, like the Sleeping Beauty in the fable, arises refreshed, and the bloody administration has been over-powered in a bloodless victory. Even Turkey has come to a constitutional government. This, perhaps, in the perspective of time, will be the most significant event in the history of 1908.

Looking nearer home, our American forests have been terribly devastated by fires, but the loss is balanced by a wisely organized commission that is to lay plans for the conservation of our national resources. The politics of city and state are venial enough to be depressing. Selfish tactics inside the parties as well as between the parties still keeps many second-rate men in first-rate places, and positions that ought to be offered to noble giants are sought by ignoble dwarfs. But over against this is to be set the statesman-like schemes that are pushing plans to unite the two oceans at Panama and to connect the Great Lakes with the Gulf by splendid waterways.

What a few years ago was supposed to be the impossible dream of fanatical reformers has become the legislative wisdom of practical business men. Vast areas of our country have accepted the dictum of experience and of science and have abolished, root and branch, the corrupting traffic in liquor. The saloon is in disgrace, and the brewers and distillers are fighting a losing battle. No more significant utterance of the year, politically speaking, can be mentioned than the confession of America's foremost citizen, President Eliot of Harvard, that he has changed his mind on the saloon question; that he has come to the convction that intoxicants are unnecessary and the use of them a menace; that, whereas through a long and noble life he has been a moderate drinker, he has now become an abstainer; whereas once he distrusted prohibition, he is now opposed to the saloon and committed to its suppression.

It is not for me to discuss the ceonomic events of the year; I gladly take the words of the experts in business, particularly the report of the Chicago Association of Commerce, which tells us that the depression in business is passing; that the panic is gone; that prosperity is here. The figures of the *Chicago Tribune,* dealing with the trade in manufactured goods, reach ten figures in their footings; it is a matter of billions.

But let us not be deceived by these figures; they may or may not prove prosperity; they may or may not indicate growth in intelligence, in refinement, in religion, in morals, in human happiness. One thing is perfectly sure,—that prosperity measured by the banks and the aggregations of trade in the past have often if not always carried with them terrible dangers, and often brought upon the participators in such prosperity terrible calamities, deplorable defeat and ultimate oblivion.

If the Mayor of this great city has no more inspiring list of items to prove a growing city and a prosperous year than the adoption of more improved methods of bookkeeping, a more economic administration of funds, and better "team work" among the heads of departments, valuable as these things are, it is a deceptive exhibit; and unless there is more purity in high places, more thoughtful recognition of the responsibilities of wealth, unless the brotherhood of virtue keeps pace in organization and efficiency with the brotherhood of vice, unless justice goes hand in hand with charity, this particular spot on the earth, this particular aggregation of humanity is going down, however hopeful the general trend of history may be and however sure humanity in the large is wending its way upward and onward. Indeed, in the same Mayor's pronunciamento, perhaps unwittingly, he puts his finger on the canker spot in modern life, when in the face of the increasing business, with the boast of the prosperous city in his mouth, he confesses the impecuniosity of the city administration, the difficulty of securing honest assessments, the inadequacy of our tax laws. Perhaps in the ultimate analysis the inadequacy is not in the statute books but in the consciences of the business men of Chicago. If there are criminal assessors there must be venal possessors of wealth to traffic in the weakened consciences of unworthy officials. We pillory the official who can be bought while we overlook or excuse the worse man, the prosperous buyer. He who would read rightly the yearly aggregates in the daily papers must underscore the small type announcement at the foot of the column—that the embezzlements, forgeries and bank-wreckings of the year amounted to thirteen and a half millions, two-thirds of which sum is charged to bank officials and their employes. Twenty-eight cashiers, eleven bank clerks, and four brokers have made away with ten million dollars this year, and public officials have de-

faulted to the extent of three hundred thousand dollars. Extravagance in high places and lavish expenditure of wealth in family parade and social function poorly justify the reduced subscription to and the impoverished treasuries of the great ethical utilities and spiritual activities which go to elevate the standards of morality, humanize the community and make ethical the common life.

The advent of the automobile has introduced into American life an enormous increase of personal expenditures and reckless investment in the way of style and show and vulgar parade among those who are prematurely seduced into that fraternity. And I know of nothing more demoralizing to individual character or public morals, than the vulgar parade of dry goods, millinery and jewelry and the attendant extravagances and dissipations of the table, the details of which are so often paraded by the public press.

It is cheering to know that there has been a marked decrease in the sale of cigarettes and beer the last year, but it is depressing to be told that such decrease comes, not from the more favored, but from the less favored strata of society. It is sad to reflect that the old year went out in Chicago with unparalleled boisterousness and unspeakable debauchery at the very time when the world was in tears over the unspeakable calamity that buried cities. The newspapers tell us that over a million dollars was spent in the carousals of New Year's Eve, and this million dollars was spent, it is estimated, by thirty-five thousand individuals, making an average indulgence of over twenty-eight dollars per capita, one party of eighteen spending five hundred and fifty dollars at one banquet table.

No wonder that in Chicago last year there were 2,839 fewer marriages than in 1907 and a corresponding increase in divorces.

Let me be just. I have not overlooked the interesting budget which indicates nearly $91,000,000 bestowed in gifts and bequests by Americans during the year just gone. But this is nearly $60,000,000 less than the year before. Of the twenty-two contributors of upwards of $50,000 reported, only one lives in Chicago. The prince of givers last year was Andrew Carnegie, whose total reaches seven and a half millions; John D. Rockefeller comes next with a little over two millions, while J. Pierpont Morgan, the next wealthiest man, drops to the petty sum of $192,500.

In round numbers, upwards of thirty-six and a half million of this ninety-one million went to educational institutions, nearly forty million to religious organizations, four and a half millions to museums and galleries, nine and a half millions to public improvements and less than one million to libraries.

Here in Chicago the burning question of our higher politics has been concerning the wisdom and the right of giving room in the now forming Grant Park for the erection of the Field Museum, the John Crerar Library, and the Potter Palmer Woman's Memorial Building. Quite aside from the question, which I am not now discussing, as to the desirability of encroaching upon the all too meager playground of this mighty city that is staving onward toward a population of five, perhaps ten, million people in the next century, there lies this gruesome phase of the question, wholly ignored in the discussion. Here are the trustees of three dead men, of vast fortunes, trying to perpetuate their memories with inadequate funds, and they are compelled to beg of the city free sites before these memorials can be built. The trustees are expected to erect a great museum to the memory of Marshall Field, the Merchant Prince of Chicago, with the beggarly, inadequate sum of four millions, and the thing is impossible unless it is built upon the children's playground. The same predicament confronts the trustees of the Crerar Library; that too must hug the Lake, while half of its territorial circle can be populated only by fishes, because they cannot afford to redeem any portion of the hundreds of acres of "Bad Lands" in the city of Chicago, lands now occupied by rookeries unfit for human beings to live in, infested with the instrumentalities that debauch instead of elevating.

There is a combination of the penuriousness of the wealthy and the short-sightedness of the public spirit that bows before the tyranny of the Loop district and the present forbidding areas that surround the golden center of the city with a black belt, abandoned by the churches and avoided by legitimate trade and the uplifting institutions that might make Chicago not merely a city of beautiful spots and an attractive lake front, but a beautiful city, radiant with architectural, educational and ethical beauty; westward, if need be, as far as Fox river, south to the Indiana line, and northward to Lake Forest and beyond.

But I cannot close without a wider look, a hasty glance at the intangible assets of 1908, the most perennial contribution of the year to the cultural life of the future.

As usual, I lay before you such books of the year as have reached my table, engaged my reading and colored my preaching.

In the library of fiction, but one book stands out in my reading as an important contribution to politics and ethics—Winston Churchill's "Mr. Crewe's Career," but a volume from the pen of W. D. Howells, his "Fennel and Rue," deserves to be mentioned.

The output of poetry seems to be meager, but the year that brings two more volumes, alas! the last, from William Henry Drummond, the interpreter of French-Canadian life, "Faust," a condensation and paraphrase of Goethe's work, by Stephen Phillips, the material left over in the portfolios of Sidney Lanier and Richard Hovey, and an elegant and exhaustive bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is a year to be grateful for.

The drama is the highest and most difficult realm in poetry. The stage is becoming more and more the popular pulpit of the day. No preacher this last year has had such audiences or has preached the eternal gospel more effectively than Charles Rann Kennedy in "The Servant in the House" or Zangwill in "The Melting Pot."

In the realm of criticism the ter-centennial of Milton has inspired much reading on old lines and called for new interpretation. The re-publication of the long lost and still unappreciated and uninterpreted treatise of "Milton and Christian Doctrine," by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association is worthy of mention, and Stopford Brooke, the lone successor of Arnold, Lowell and Stedman, has given us a study of four Victorian poets too much neglected—Clough, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold and William Morris.

The year has been rich in thoughtful books on current politics, among which are "The Twentieth Century American" by H. Perry Robinson, "The American as He Is," by Nicholas Murray Butler, "Ideals of the Republic," by James Schouler, the competent historian

of the United States, "Racial Contrasts," by Albert Gehring, "Vital American Problems," by Henry Earl Montgomery, wherein he grapples with the problem of the trusts, of labor and of the negro, a book of Charles Evans Hughs' Addresses, "The Meaning of the Times and Other Essays," by Senator Beveridge of Indiana; and "Which College for the Boy?" by John Corbin may be a help to the perplexed parents who have a boy to educate and the money to pay for it, but who are still at a loss to know what to do for the boy.

As contributions to the study of history, "Sons of the Puritans," published by the American Unitarian Association, "South America on the Eve of Emancipation," by Professor Moses of the University of California, "The Story of a Border City During the Civil War," by Galusha Brown—the city is St. Louis—and William F. Draper's "Recollections of a Varied Career, Reaching From the Camp to the Mill," are all worthy of reading.

Dellenbaugh's account of the marvelous second trip through the Grand Canon and Wharton James' "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," are books that ought to help divert careless globe-trotters from their eagerness to cross the Atlantic for great scenery to the study of human nature in its antique and primitive forms.

Among the life-helping books, precious to old and young, inspiring to rich and poor, soul-reaching across sectarian and race lines, are "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" and the subsequent volume of essays by herself and the husband biographer, Helen Keller's "The World I Live In," Professor Royce's "The Philosophy of Loyalty," Higginson's "Things Worth While," Mrs. Hubbard's "The Duty of Being Beautiful," Robert Herrick's "The Master of the Inn," Starr Jordan's "The Higher Sacrifice," Sparge's "Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism," Hopkinson Smith's "Captain Thomas A. Scott," and John T. Dale's humble but valuable book on "Heroes and Greathearts and Their Animal Friends."

Not less than twelve new books on Lincoln have come to enrich my shelves, not one of them to be spared, but of whose relative value I cannot speak at present. This I must leave for my course of six University Extension lectures on Lincoln, to be given here beginning Tuesday evening, January 5.

There is no dearth of thought-giving and life-forming books in the realm of religion and the church. Among these are the papers read at the Washington meeting of the Religious Education Association on "Educational and National Character," Professors Dewey and Tufts' book on "Ethics," Washington Gladden's book on "The Church and Modern Life," Mr. Faunce's of Brown University on "The Educational Ideal of the Ministry," the new and enlarged edition of Mr. Sunderland's book on "The Origin and Character of the Bible," a book on "Paul, the Mystic," by James M. Campbell, one by Bloomfield on "The Religion of the Vedas," Jevon's "Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religions," Charles F. Dole on "What We Really Know of Jesus," Zueblin's "Religion of Democracy," "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion," a noble collection of the essays and addresses delivered at the fourth international Congress of Religious Liberals held in Boston in September, 1907, an essay on "Buddhism and Immortality" by William Sturgis Bigelow, and two beautiful volumes from the hand of Robert Collyer, the great blacksmith preacher, parting gifts from beyond the eighties: one, a volume of unique memories, in which Chicago is enmeshed; the other, a volume of sermons, "Where Light Dwelleth." The last named books suggest the beautiful and timely volume of "The Life of David Swing, Poet-Preacher," which bears the imprint of the Unity Publishing Company. And, lastly, notwithstanding the distrust of the times concerning prayer and the prayerful spirit, here comes a freshly printed volume of morning prayers in the household of a believer in God, out of the life of Francis William Newman, theist brother of the great Roman Catholic Cardinal, another collection of the devotions caught from the devout lips of Charles Gordon Ames of Boston, successor of James Freeman Clarke, and three volumes, the winnowed wheat out of the thoughtful life of Professor Pearson, who grew out of his Methodism into a religion that lost none of its devoutness and tenderness.

My time is up and still I have not said a word about the home life of All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But I should be ungrateful if I did not add, even at the risk of weariness, a word of grateful thanks for the rich year of life that has been given to us within these walls, notwithstanding the financial depression and notwithstanding an over-confidence in certain quarters that everything will go on all right anyway and the consequent lessening of a sense of personal responsibility and effort. In spite of our financial concern and social distractions, the Abraham Lincoln Centre has grown. Every department of it has throbbed with new life, and, if I mistake not, every department will come to the Annual Meeting with colors flying and bills paid. Notwithstanding the prevalent distrust of churches and of church life, almost within two years of the day when the women of this church started out on the daring quest to duplicate their contribution of ten thousand dollars to the Building Fund of this Centre as the beginning of an Endowment Fund, the thing was accomplished; the ten thousand dollar fund is fully subscribed; most of it is in the bank, and the rest is assured. This in addition to the five thousand dollars received from the Nelson Morris estate and another five thousand from other sources, makes twenty thousand out of the one hundred thousand dollars involved in our venture. It is now up to the men. It is small business to remember the investments of five or more years ago, not a cent of which has been lost, and, in most cases, the paying of which has not lessened present wealth or present comfort.

The year before us is a great one. Next month we are to glorify within these walls the high name we have dared to put in bronze on the outside. McCutcheon's cartoon for the New Year shows a blindfolded procession, led by Love, rushing cheerily and confidently into the unknown opening, singing the jolly chorus,

> "What lies ahead no human mind can know;
> Tomorrow may bring happiness or woe.
> We cannot carry charts,
> Save the hope that's in our hearts,
> As along the unknown trail we blindly go."

But we do not rush wholly blindfolded into the future. By the light of the past we know that some things can be depended upon. With open eyes let us sing with Miss Muloch the song which I found in another daily:

> "A friend stands at the door;
> In either tight-closed hand
> Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score;

Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by:
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

"O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith,
'Make straight paths for your feet,' and to the opprest,
'Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest.'"

Rizal, Savior of a Nation

A Paper Read at the Filippino Memorial Meeting at Abraham Lincoln Centre, December 30, 1908, by G. Santos, a Student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago.

At the beginning of the Sixteenth Century a tidal wave of colonization swept over Portugal and Spain, then the leading powers of the globe, the owners of the deep. The rivalry between these countries for the possession of the world-prized islands where spices grew, gave birth to the memorable expedition headed by the fearless prince of the sea, Magellan, which eventually resulted in the discovery of the group of islands now known as the Philippines. Attracted by the everlasting verdure, the fertility of the soil, the simplicity of the natives, the beauty of the landscape, the brightness of the sunshine, the blueness of the skies, the Spaniards made the Philippines their subjects.

During the great lapse of time from the conquest to the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, good beyond human conception was wrought unto the people. The friars, inspired by apostolic zeal, and re-enforced by the glowing enthusiasm of the Catholic Reaction, gifted and tireless, labored in harmony with the conquerors of the sword, thus reducing the difficulties of the conquest into mere submission of the natives to the Christian faith. As the fruit of this unprecedented endeavor of the Spanish missionaries to promulgate the Christian faith and inculcate its virtues into every soul, all the natives practically, inhabiting Luzon and the Visayan Islands, numbering approximately half a million, within thirty years of the conquest were enjoying the religion of the Prophet, looking to a living Savior and Eternity, professing brotherly love to one another and having a high respect for truth.

The co-operation of the friars during those tender days of the youthful Philippine colony was so necessary and wholesome for the stability of the Spanish regime that an old viceroy of New Spain was wont to say: "In each friar in the Philippines the King had a captain, general and a whole army." As a token of appreciation for his effective and invaluable services, the peninsular authorities accorded the friar boundless powers and privileges without end. His was the strength of a Hercules, the influence of an Alexander. A wink of a friar swayed the court of Spain! Is it a wonder that in subsequent centuries we find him the master of his despotic will, the governor, the general, the judge, the King and the minister of God at the same time?

But man is weak and imperfect; temptation is great; human craving, insatiable. The praise and admiration of the world for the unparalleled achievements of the big-hearted and able friars of the Sixteenth century, became the execration to the soul and the gallows to the flesh of the friar in the following ages. "Believing in the inviolability of his habit, in his superiority to the General, to the Governor, to the judicial and executive powers combined, he went on amassing enormous wealth, raising law-suits which he won through intrepidity and bribery or through his power as a friend and confessor to Kings; and, conquering all, considering himself invulnerable and almighty, sneering at his own countrymen who adored and respected him, he tyrannized and oppressed the natives with the whip, exile or death, whom he exploited in their farms and dishonored in their mothers, in their daughters, and in their wives."

Like a primrose among the briers of the mountain side, liberty grew in the hearts of the Filipinos amidst the thorns of Spanish oppression. Fearful of their own shadows, the friars spied the least agitation, persecuted the suspects and threatened the multitude. Innocent men were punished without due trial. Learned citizens, time and again, rose in protest and clamored for a little justice, only to be slaughtered. Thus stained with the blood of patriots, the colonial government continued its calumnies and oppression.

The storm of persecution and injustice called forth its heroes. "God, who is Justice, cannot abandon his cause, which is the cause of liberty, without which there can not be justice." Jose Rizal came into the world. Hosanna, said the Hebrews unto the Son of the Lord; hosanna, said the Filipinos unto Rizal, their second Savior. Rizal came into the world with a great mission. Like the Messiah of old, that mission he accomplished during his brief stay in this world. Like most great men, even in the early days of his youth he showed noble sentiments; his disposition, sad; his feelings, humane; his judgment, that of an older age. He was studious, reflective, bright and modest, affable, kind, gentle and, above all, loved all creatures around him. Christ preached and reflected the truth upon the world; Rizal wrote and sang the truth to his country. He, too, was persecuted and sentenced to death for preaching the truth. Both died young.

Rizal found his country in the darkness of the middle ages. Hypocrites reigned, injustice ruled, superstition pervaded throughout. His country's image was that of a fair lady bound hand and foot, with a bleeding heart and flowing tears, emaciated, pale, helpless and unable to implore justice to the God above, a Joan of Arc at the stake. From the heights of his divine mind Rizal beheld the future of his country, which was promising but uncertain. To make this future bright, the outlook clear, the destiny certain, became the life-long task of his existence. This task he embraced early in his life. Gifted, talented, tireless, inspired by that supreme and divine love, which only true great men feel and profess to their fellow creatures, and moved by the groans of the dying, the laments of the suffering, sacrificing all, fortune, happiness and love, he faced his providential task, adopting peace as his motto and truth as his guiding star. To him the need was clear; the remedy, plain. Her salvation lay in evolution, not in revolution; in the development of the arts and sciences of peace, not of war. But, to develop the arts and sciences, he knew, freedom was the means; for, as he

said, "Liberty is to man what instruction is to the intellect." To attain this liberty meant to awaken the consciousness of his country to her own pain and suffering; to let her listen to the clamor for justice of the multitude for centuries; to let her look upon the tears crystallized on the countenance of afflicted mothers; to let her perceive the groans of the dying, the laments of the suffering; to let her feel the oppression, the injustice and calumnies without end. It meant to unveil to her the hideous influence of the friar upon the unthinking and fanatic public, his unlawful grip upon the weak and corrupt government. It meant to show to her the insalubrious influence of a fanatic and blind faith. It meant to arouse in her a feeling of self-reliance, self-trust, self-dependence; to awaken in her her appreciation of her own worth. It meant to show to her and let her behold the blessings which few people enjoy. It meant to laud her virtues, correct her defects and endow her shortcomings; to oppose the ill influences leading to her weakness. It meant to incarnate in the heart of the youth his sacred obligation to the land that gave him life and happiness, his duties to the creatures that help him live and to him who gave him all. It meant a revolution of thoughts, ideas and beliefs, a clearing away of the atmosphere, heavy laden for centuries with noxious exhalations and floating effluvia of medievalism. All these, Rizal did and more. He gave up his life to his persecutors that his country might live, and then sang:

> "Hail unto thee, dreams of my life! My dying soul doth cry
> All hail to thee! And ye I hail, my aspirations deep
> And ardent! Oh, how sweet it is to fall beneath thy sky,
> To die that thou mayest live, and, for thy welfare high
> In thine enchanted bosom, eternally to sleep!"

When justice was unattainable through petition and right of the public, when light and liberty were looked upon as crime, when humility and good-will of the ruled were returned with sneer and scorn by the ruler, when a father could will only blushes to the wife, tears to the mother and servility to the sons, hero was he who could avert the calamities and, with a supreme faith in the all-conquering power of peace, meet the issues of the day and face the problems of his country with courage and integrity. Such an one was Rizal. With a single book he tore asunder the weighty chains his country had borne helpless for ages. With a single book he had beheaded the sanguine beast that bled his country almost to death. With a single book he moved a world, the world of his country.

Among his many doctrines, in arousing in his countrymen a feeling of national self, he said, "So long as a country preserves her language, she preserves the pledge of her liberty, as the man his independence so long as he preserves his own way of thinking." In qualifying the oppressions of his race, he said among many others, all true and axiomatic concepts: "When to a people are denied the light, the home, liberty, justice, blessings without which life is not possible because they for the same reason constitute the patrimony of man, that people has the right to regard him, who in that manner strip and bereave the multitude, as the robber who plunders men on the highway." In explaining the servitude of his countrymen and their deplorable social conditions, as the result of oppression and constraints under which they subsisted, he said: "A people who is tyrannized over is obliged to be hypocrite; to him from whom truth is withheld falsehood is advanced; he who oppresses creates slaves." In another instance he said: "To make a people criminal, question its virtues." All his dream, from youth to his death, was to redeem and emancipate the mind of his race; his cause, the cause of his country; his ambition, to behold his country happy and progressive, free from the bonds and constraints of medievalism. All for his country! In his efforts to incarnate in his race that sublime patriotism that he alone professed to his country, he said: "Useless is the life that is not consecrated to a great purpose, it is like a rock thrown in the desert not forming part of an edifice." Indeed, he consecrated his life to the cause of his race. A Spanish author said: "Rizal was a mystic, and like most mystics, with his eyes fixed on the sky and his arms extended on high, he led his fellow countrymen to struggle and to life. "The just men and the worthies ought to suffer that their ideas might be known and spread," said he, and for that end he suffered.

The Filippinos all, at this hour of their existence, rejoice that there has been a Christ to redeem a world and a Rizal to redeem a country. And, today, seven million souls worship the man whose image has become the symbol of their thoughts; whose voice, their voice; whose writings, their bible, the example of the aged, the inspiration of the young, Rizal, leader of a sacred cause, savior of a nation.

A Welsh Milking Song

Ye Hufen Melyn.

The winter through
I loved her true,
But tarried;
Till, when the blossom laughed upon the boughs,
In shadow cool
Her milking stool
I carried,
While Gwen went calling, calling home the cows.
Then as they ran
Around her can
In riot,
I hooshed them, hooshed them all into the shed—
With buck and bellow, black and yellow, dun and sallow, white and red—
On litter good
To chew the cud
In quiet,
Then to the milking each in turn be led.

Her touch of silk
Had eased of milk
Each udder;
Yet beating, beating on in wild unrest,
My heart of doubt—
A boat without
A rudder—
Still rode the sighing billow of my breast;
Till Gwen, her eyes
With soft surprise
Upturning,
Read all the trouble written in mine own,
And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow that
I'd grown—
Her pride forsook,
Gave back my look
Of yearning,
Then, brightly blushing, from my arms had flown!

—*Alfred Percival Graves.*

In forming a mountain, were I to stop when one basket of earth is lacking, I actually stop; and in the same manner were I to add to the level ground though but one basket of earth daily, I am really building a mountain. —*Confucius.*

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FOREIGN NOTES.

THE ETHICAL CULTURE ASSOCIATION OF FREE-THINKERS AND BELIEVERS.—That most interesting and characteristic French organization, the *Union de Libres Penseurs et de Libres Croyants pour la culture morale*, whose meetings and discussions attracted such wide spread attention last year, is already well started on its second season's program. Its meetings are held regularly at the society's headquarters, 16 *rue de la Sorbonne*, the first and third Sundays of each month (except January, the second and fourth) at 4:30 P. M. The general subject for the season is: Social problems and individual duty.

In the words of the association's secretary, Jean Jacques Kaspar, "In conformity with the method of last year, our friends will alternately take the point of view of the religious sentiment and that of the lay ideal in their effort to deduce the fundamental principles of some common social ethics."

The special topics and leaders are as follows: December 6, "The Struggle of Classes," Pastor Wilfred Monod; December 20, "Master and Servants," Mr. Ferdinand Buisson, deputy from the Seine; January 10, 1909, "Capitalism," Mr. Paul Passy, vice-director of the *Ecole des Hautes-Etudes;* January 24, "Authority and Equality," Mr. Gustave Belot, professor of philosophy, member of the Higher Council of Public Instruction; February 7, "Social Progress Through Individual Reform," Mr. Ehrhardt, of the Protestant theological faculty; February 21, "Woman's Rights," Mr. Albert Vales, of the Voltaire Lyceum; March 7, "Regulated Prostitution," Pastor Elie Gounelle; March 21, "Our Country," Gabriel Seailles, professor at the Sorbonne; April 4, "The Simple Life," Pastor Charles Wagner.

CHARLES WAGNER AS A POSSIBLE ACADEMICIAN.—*L'Opinion*, a weekly paper of Paris, has put in nomination Pastor Charles Wagner as candidate for the present vacant seat in the French Academy. The following reflections apropos of this candidacy appeared in the *Revue Chretienne* of December 1: "The death of Cardinal Mathieu, which we noted last month, has brought forward at least two ecclesiastical candidates for the French Academy: Mr. de Cabrieres, bishop of Montpellier, and Mr. Baudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris. We call attention to this only as an evidence of the divergence which has come about, and seems to be growing more pronounced, between the ideas in favor in academic circles and those most prevalent in France. To elect a man like Mr. de Cabrieres or Mr. Baudrillart to the French Academy is to do homage to the place which Catholicism still holds among the French *bourgeoisie*, but it is also an avowal that the French Academy cares very little about recruiting its members from among the men who lead public thought and opinion in this country. More and more—though there are some honorable exceptions—it is outside of academic circles that one must look for the men who are leading in the conflict of ideas and the gradual advancement of science.

"The rather piquant fact which led us to these reflections is this. That ably edited weekly journal, *Opinion*, has launched the candidacy of Pastor Charles Wagner. Well, why not? It would be only justice. The literary baggage of Mr. Charles Wagner is worth three or four times that of the late Cardinal Mathieu, and if the Academy should, by some strange chance, decide to render to a protestant today that deserved honor which it refused of old to such men as Eugene Bersier, for example, it would show that it has not entirely forgotten the history of its beginnings.

"The real founder of the Academy, in fact, was a protestant, Conrart. It was at his home that those first literary gatherings were held from which the Academy of Richelieu sprang. He was the first permanent secretary of this Academy. Since then, however, one can count on one's fingers the protestants who have been members. From Louis XIII. to Charles X. we know what their fate was in their native land. There was more concern to expel and to suppress them than to make a place for them in the literary and scientific circles of their country. Thanks to the persecutors, it is among the members of the Academy of sciences of Berlin or of London that one must look for the names of celebrated protestants.

"The Catholic clergy, on the contrary, has always had a numerous representation in the French Academy. Fourteen cardinals have been academicians, among them men like Dubois and the Cardinal de Rohan, he of the necklace affair. Among bishops, there have been some more respectable in this membership, as the bishop of Vence and Grasse, Godeau, the friend of Conrart. It is to the Academy, indeed, that Godeau owed one of his bishoprics. The story is told thus: On the occasion of one of the first sessions of the company, he presented to Richelieu a metrical paraphrase of the *Benedicte*. 'You have given me *Benedicite*, said the all-powerful minister, and I will give you Grasse.' Whatever the truth may be about this atrocious ministerial pun, there have been in the Academy eighteen Oratorians, two or three Jesuits, one Theatine and one Dominican, *Pere* Lacordaire . . . Therefore, of I were an academician and Catholic, I would vote for Pastor Wagner. That would show even the most prejudiced that the Academy is composed of open-minded men who do not wish to make it a closed and exclusive body, but rather desire to attract to themselves, as far as possible, all the vital forces of the nation."

M. E. H.

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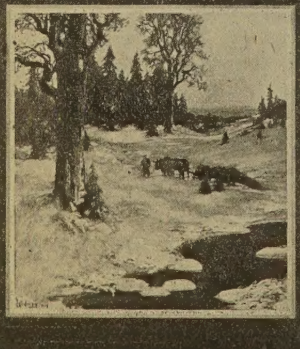

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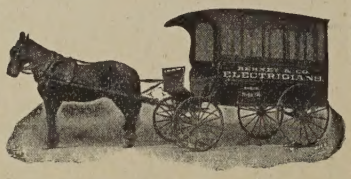

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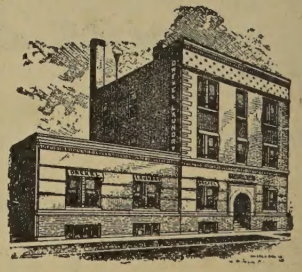

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